Prince of the Servant

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Harry Potter has suffered the worst beating yet at the hands of his uncle, and the pain causes him to subconsciously teleport the both of them to the kingdom of Xing, where Vernon is caught in the act of abusing Harry by a certain raven-haired servant to the king... Rated M for the violence in the first chapter.

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Introduction
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Pain...Excruciating agony...This is all Harry Potter knew as his uncle bared down on him once more...

His right arm was gone. Only a bleeding stump remained. The freaky stuff was barely able to keep him from passing out from the pain... Vernon was panting heavily, towering over the tiny child, still holding the butcher's knife he had used to hack his arm off.

When Harry saw the knife come down once again, he screamed, desperately wishing to be anywhere else before his world went white... Vernon yelled and covered his eyes as his world went white as well. Harry was dragging him along for the ride...

Yelling in pain, Harry felt his body fall to the earth with a mighty slam, what felt like dirt and gravel rubbing into his severed limb and opening up new gashes in his back while said stump began to burn in steam as he felt like fire was dancing across the flesh. He felt hot tears of agony streaming down his face. The pain was absolutely unbearable...He wanted to die and make it go away...

As he cried he tried to stop himself from being violently ill, the smell of his searing flesh reaching his nose as he gagged before the sound of crunching footsteps on the gravel and labored breathing drew his attention.

"BOY, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?!" Harry was barely able to process his uncle's voice before being hoisted off the ground by his remaining arm. Feeling his shoulder dislocate from the rough gesture he screamed out in pain as birds took the the sky from his cry and its sound echoed throughout the mountain he found himself on. Harry knew his uncle was going to kill him now...So he saw no point in holding back. He began crying loudly due to the immense agony he was in.

Meanwhile...

Sighing, Lan Fan continued climbing down the mountain so she could head back to the capital. A civillian from the village she had just left had claimed to have used Alkehestry to 'see the future' and Ling had sent her out to investigate. It was a scam, and she had put a stop to it before it got out of hand, thankfully. Now she had to take care of the routine patrol...

When she heard a faint boom she froze, wondering if there was an alchemist or alkihestris anywhere nearby. When she heard a pained yell she began jogging over to see what was the cause. When she heard a child's screams of agony and fear she took off running, an expression of stoic determination in her gaze.

'What's going on?! What's causing a child to scream like-' She froze when she reached the source of the scream. Her eyes widened in shock at what she was seeing...then narrowed dangerously as she prepared to bring justice to the man who so rightfully deserved it...

Sobbing, Harry felt his wounds cry out as his Uncle shook him violently, spittle hitting his face as his uncle screamed and roared at him before his eyes were drawn to the rising meat cleaver, still wet with his blood.

As the meat cleaver began to descend he closed his eyes, not wanting to see the instrument of his death, only to hear his uncle let out a pained grunt.

Harry found himself dropped to the ground, and he looked over to see his uncle lying flat on his back, blood oozing out of a large wound on his stomach. A black-haired woman towered over the obese man, eyes betraying her fury... Without missing a beat, she pinned the man down, raised the dagger she had used to stab him, and began plunging it into every part of his chubby body she could think of, eliciting screams of absolute agony. Finally, the woman plunged her dagger into Vernon's throat, leaving him to drown in his own blood.

Lan Fan rose to her feet, fists clenched, teeth gritted with fury. Seeing her anger, and the blade from her arm that was covered in his Uncle's blood, he flinched back in fear, staring wide eyed at the person he expected to be his new killer.

Lan Fan scowled down furiously at the corpse of the obese man. He had deserved far worse than what she gave him...

Whimpering Harry tried to crawl away with what little strength he had left. Lan Fan's ears picked up the sound of his whimpering. He got about a foot away before his limbs gave out and he simply lay on the gravel, whimpering in fear. He just lay still, awaiting death...He welcomed it, in fact...The pain was so severe...

Instead of the feel of a blade meeting his skin again though he felt himself being picked up before jostled as the woman took off running.

Lan Fan's heart was well and truly broken seeing a child in such a horrid state. Despite being well disciplined by her late grandfather, her maternal instincts were something that would never fade away, and the great sorrow that came with seeing a child so brutally maimed was only natural. Tears streamed down her face as she tore off a chunk of her clothing and pressed it against the stump of his arm as hard as she could to soak up the blood. She had to get him medical attention fast or he was going to die...

Harry looked up in confusion to see the woman now had an absolutely frantic look on her face. He was confused on why she saved him before wondering if she wanted a slave like his Uncle had used him for. He was jolted from his thoughts when he remembered just how much agony he was in... Letting out a scream, feeling free now that his uncle was gone, he reached for the stump, tears streaming down his cheeks.

Paling even more Lan Fan reached into her bag and pulled out the radio communicator that Ed, Al, and Winry had invtented a few years ago and tried to contact Ling.

"Please answer, Master Ling, please answer, please..."

She almost cried in relief when a scratchy voice answered back "Lan Fan, what's wrong?"

"Master Ling, we have a very serious emergency on our hands, and I'm unsure of what to do!"

"Are you hurt?" Ling demanded over the radio "Tell me what happened!"

"I'm not the one who's hurt...It's a little boy...A man was beating him...He's covered in injuries and he's...he's missing his arm, Master Ling!" A sharp intake of breath was heard on the other end.

"I'm calling in May Chang with the rest of her healers!" Ling called out over the radio "Get him here as fast as possible!"

"Of course!" Lan Fan hung up and turned her attention to the child. Looking up at her he flinched, expecting a glare or rebuke as she looked down on him. Instead, she teared up, seeing such a young, tiny child in such horrid condition. Tenderly she clutched him to her bosom as she picked up her pace, trying to go as fast as she could "Don't worry little one," she whispered softly as her tears fell on his cheeks "I'll get you to a healer. I'll protect you." Harry's eyes widened at her words. Protect him? He wasn't supposed to be protected and safe...He was supposed to know his place. Sniffling softly he nuzzled into her chest as he clutched onto her, his body filled with too much pain to think about it. Lan Fan said nothing more as she sprinted, desperate to get the boy medical attention. After a particularly long leap he couldn't take the pain anymore and blacked out. Lan Fan didn't notice, too intent on running.

Half an hour later she reached the capital as she saw Ling and May waiting by the gates, several other medics standing with them. She came to a stop, panting heavily and holding the child tightly. Everyone present looked ill at ease as they gazed upon the

miserable state of the little boy. May shook her head and stepped forward.

"We'll look after him," May promised as the medics took the little boy and rushed off "you can come to the medical wing to see him if you wish but we need to start working on him as soon as possible." Lan Fan was out of breath, and could only nod to show she understood.

"Come on," Ling said as May rushed off to aid the medics "we'll walk over to the medical bay and you can give your report when you've caught your breath." Lan Fan collapsed to her knees. Sweatdropping Ling ammended "or we could wait here for a bit..."

Lan Fan was emotionally drained. An innocent child should NEVER have to suffer through that kind of pain...She felt sick to her stomach as she remembered the blood oozing from what used to be an arm...She knew firsthand how agonizingly painful it was to lose an arm...She brought a hand up to clutch her automail and dug her nails into the ground, shaking, tears of red hot anger pouring down her face.

"...Lan Fan...Are you all..."

"Master Ling...I...I require a glass of water..." Lan Fan said softly.

"Right...I'll go get one of the servants to bring you some..."

"...He was missing an arm, Master Ling..."

"Lan Fan..." Lan Fan snapped her head up, still crying.

"HE'S A YOUNG BOY, AND HE WAS MISSING AN ARM!" Ling said nothing, and simply placed a hand on his loyal servant's back, offering all the comfort he could.

Lan Fan steeled herself and rose to her feet. "...I wish to see if he's going to...to live..."

"Lan Fan, wait...I need to know what happened. Tell me." Lan Fan snarled angrily.

"A monster...A complete and utter, inhuman MONSTER is what happened." She told Ling everything she saw, and Ling grew just as angry as she felt, though he was more composed about it.

"...I see...I...I wish he was still around...So I could deal him a much worse punishment then what you gave him...I know a few guys down in prison who'd skin you alive if they found out you hurt a kid..."

Lan Fan sighed. "It's too late now...We can only pray he gets what he deserves."

A few minutes later, May ran up to them. Lan Fan sighed with relief.

"May!" She said. "Please tell me...The child...Is he..."

"He's healing..." May said hesitantly "but there's something wrong with his Chi. it feels...it almost feels like Greed's did..."

Ling's attention was drawn to this. "Greed? So...is he a homunculus, like Bradley?"

"No," May said with a frown "Bradley had no soul like all Homunculi, but also lacked their great power. This child has a soul but...it's power resonates like a Homunculus. His own body is somehow enhancing the powers of our Alkihestry and he's healing faster than should be possible.

Lan Fan sighed with relief. "I don't care what's causing it...I'm just glad he'll be all right..."

"But he'll need an automail arm," May said with a frown "his power isn't making any movement to regrow the limb. I would recommend calling in Winry"

Ling grinned. "Will do! Maybe Ed and Al will come too...Haven't seen those guys in forever!"

"Oh good lord," May sighed "should i set aside more funds for rebuilding for the upcoming 'guy's night'?"

"We're not that bad." Ling pouted as she gave him a 'really' look that Winry had insisted on teaching her. "...Okay, yes we are..."

Lan Fan frowned. How could they speak so casually under such wretched circumstances?

"I'll go call her." May said with a chuckle

Lan Fan nodded. She sighed. "Is it possible to see him now?"

"He's still unconscious, but yes..." Lan Fan seemed to have disappeared because she was dashing for Harry's room at such a fast speed.

"Did Lan Fan just learn how to teleport?" Ling asked May in confusion as the little princess sighed in exasperation.